

8 BROWNE LOWMEYER

Cloud 9

VOL.3 ■ NO.1

David and the Go-Go Set
■
The Ambles Joost
■
Ball with Textured Testes

\$2.95

Adults Only



Jan Levee Sublimis

see page 44



Bill At Shagglebeare

see page 52



Powder Makes Perfect

see page 48

CLOUD 9

volume three

number one

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Hula And Her Finer

see page 26



Pattina Cabre

see page 4



Swims For Their Fortune

see page 60



doll with textured tastes



Remember when all those textured stockings first hit the market a year or so ago? Well, it's pretty surprising to think that at the time Candy Martin was in no way interested in any of them. She thought they were the worst things she had ever seen and even went so far as to tell one friend that she wouldn't be seen dead in them. Fortunately, times have changed for Candy. The tad of textured hosiery has caught on and Candy's now on the bird wagon to the point where, at this writing, she probably wouldn't be seen anywhere without them!





Candy's so infatuated with textured hosiery now that she has even gone so far as to throw out all her old sheers and restock her entire hosiery wardrobe in all sorts of patterns and textures. Asked about her opinions of a year or so ago, she just shrugs. "Times change," she told us, "and I've changed with them." She certainly has. We've never seen such a complete turnaround in our lives.

But textured here is not the only thing that Candy is wild about. She has even gone so far as to extend the idea of lace and frills to all her items of lingerie. She loves lace bras and patterned panties and enjoys being the best "underweared" girl in her entire group. All because of a passing fad, too!







Smiles, giggles and blood splatters all over them.

BLOOD

Marc winced. The slang word for a policeman sounded expensively vulgar coming from her full red lips. Besides, Customs agents prided themselves on being a cut above the local police. He glanced at his watch as she lazily sipped her penne.

"Well, this is very charming, So-Lan, and at any other time I would be delighted with your company. But I have a dinner engagement tonight and I—"

"With your fiancée, Jeanette Laval?" She nodded knowingly at his startled response. "Yes, I know all about your lovely, My-white-sweet-heart, and her fine, outstanding, aristocratic father. Pardon me while I wash the taste of their names out of my mouth." She tossed down the rest of her drink and signaled the waiter for another.

"I don't think my personal life has anything to do with this," Marc said coldly.

"That's where you're wrong," So-Lan lowered her voice. "Why do you think I insisted on seeing you instead of any of the other agents? Because the information I have is going to tell your little Jeanette right off of her divorce potential."

Marc regarded her calmly. "And that information?"

"Concerns the smuggling of black rice into France." She used her puzzled expression. "I see you're not familiar with the Chinese term for opium. Listen, Jeanette has a cousin named Felix St. Flour, hasn't she?"

Marc nodded, following her words intently.

"And Felix owns a 50-foot motor yacht, which he reputedly uses to fit around the Riviera pursuing his innocent playboy activities. But actually he has that boat and several others engaged in the biggest smuggling ring in Europe. American cigarettes, liquor, aliens, electronic parts—any item that has a high import duty, he brings in illegally. And recently he's been including narcotics as well."

"How do you know all this?" Marc inquired.

"How does a woman usually find out things about a man?" she asked lightly. "My father, as you probably knew, was French, born right here in Manhattan. He went to Indo-China

before the war and established a prosperous import-export business. Then, after Vietnam was granted independence, he moved to Hong Kong. That was where we met Felix. He got my father involved in some of his shady deals and at the same time managed to make me fall in love with him. When I learned the truth about him, it was too late."

She moodily nursed her drink and continued. "The authorities arrested my father and he committed suicide in shame, allowing Felix to get away blameless. I followed him here, pretending that I was still in love with him and knew nothing about his dishonest activities. But all along I've been working for a chance to send your people after him when he has a really big shipment of contraband on hand. Very soon now, I'll have my revenge."

"You said Jeanette was involved," Marc reminded her.

"Yes, her father's chance is used as a depot for the contraband. There is a secret room in the wine cellar. Felix keeps his cages as one of the narrow flyord-like inlets—I believe you call them catapenas—along the coast out of here. Trucks take it to old Pierre Laval's place and from there it is dispatched all over the country."

"These are very serious charges against people that I have always thought of as honest and respectable citizens," Marc said. "What proof do you have?"

"Just this—Felix has gone to Gibraltar for a large cargo of opium and other goods. He should be back any time now. He always sends me a coded radio message announcing his time of arrival so that I can start—" she pulled down the corners of her mouth dramatically—"warning his bed for him. When I get that message I'll call you, and you can catch him red-handed on the beach."

"You do that," Marc said, standing up and dropping some money on the table. "Until then, I hope you'll forgive me if I view your story with a strong skepticism. Now I must run. I'm already late for dinner."

He waded hard to put the girl's sultry beauty and disturbing words out of his mind as he drove out of town to the Laval Chateau. She had to be

making the whole thing up, probably out of spite because Felix had picked her. Why, old Pierre Laval would do nothing that endangered his family name with such flimsy accusations. And as for Jeanette—Marc's pulse quickened with a surge of passion as he thought of the shapely blonde beauty.

She hadn't exactly agreed to marry him yet, and with their present arrangement he was in no hurry. It had taken her long enough to give herself to him the first time, but now when they made love she clung to him with a tenuous looseness that made him forget every other woman he had ever known. He had no doubt that her love equaled his in every way, yet he wouldn't shake off the suspicion that there may be some truth to So-Lan's story after all.

Jeanette and her father were waiting for him in the chateau's huge dining room. The sight of her exquisite beauty garbed in a white satin evening gown instantly banished all thoughts of smuggling from his mind. The dinner was delicious, and with Jeanette playing with his knee under the table, Marc didn't even mind listening to Pierre's boring account of his experiences with the resistance during the war.

After the meal, Pierre curled himself and went to bed, saying that age had long since robbed him of the pleasures of late evening. Marc and Jeanette wandered into the library, sipping their brandy.

"What's the matter, darling? You seem so quiet and thoughtful tonight," Jeanette murmured.

"Oh, I was just thinking about Felix. He's off with his yacht again, isn't he?"

"That's right—Carnegie, I think." Purple eye shadow glinted against her pale skin as she peered reflectively up at him. "But as Felix all you can think about is a new bike this?"

Marc smiled and took her as his arm. Her mouth was still incredibly sweet and her body molded against him as yielding as before, but the usual enthusiasm was missing. He just couldn't get So-Lan out of his mind. Silently he named the Russian dancer for spoiling his evening.

"You know, I've never seen your father's wine cellar," he remarked as what he hoped was a casual tone.

Continued on page 89

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To take a bath?

To please your husband (or wife)?

To be examined by your doctor?

Or perhaps — To get born?

To earn a model fee?

To get an over-all tan?

All good reasons, if you must have a reason for doing the natural thing.

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Depending upon the time, place and circumstances, there can be quite a few valid reasons for donning apparel. A JAYBIRD accepts these reasons and the appropriate costumes with grace, but he never forgets that the artificial covering can be discarded as soon as the reason for concealment no longer exists.

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If you get the impression that the JAY-BIRD idea leaves a lot of room for individual interpretation and personal modes of expression — you have the correct impression. That is, in fact, the essence of the JAYBIRD MYSTIQUE — plenty of room for the individual to explore his own capacity for awareness, creativity, vitality and enjoyment of life.



A CUDDLEKITTEN'S PAD

Up until three months ago, Misty Howard lived in her family's home. Then she decided to move into Hollywood and get an apartment of her own. Well, the new and grand feeling of it all still hasn't worn off. Misty loves her new "pad" and all that goes with it. She's so excited about living the life of a hachelor girl that she may even get a house.





Certainly, Misty loves the privacy of her new apartment, but she definitely doesn't want to become any sort of city hermit while she is living there. That's why she insisted that the first item of decor the apartment got was the telephone. Rarely an evening goes by without Misty making at least one or two calls to close friends and asking them over for talk, a drink or a television show.

There is a chance that Misty will mellow in her attitude toward her new apartment and her dream of getting her own home one day, but, as things stand now, she's still very thrilled and excited about the whole bit.

She is already making plans for a new paint job (she'll do all the work herself, by the way) and for getting some new furniture of her own in one day. We wondered how she can have so many dreams and plans at one time,

but Misty just smiled. "I've just got to be on the go all the time," she said. "It's the way I am. I don't suppose I'll ever change."

We can't help admiring her energy, even if we don't know where it all comes from, but we know it will help her furnish the rest



WHAT'S WRONG WITH AMAZONS?

BY PAUL WOOD

Has the manly sport of big-dams hunting lost its appeal, or are there simply not enough Amazon left around to take care of our growing and burgeoning Tall Girl population?

According to one recent estimate, there are now more than 3 million females in the USA who stand six feet or more in height and by 1978 the number will be closer to 4 million. Which is a powerful lot of women, by any standards of measurement.

And yet, based on present marital statistics (yes, they keep records on practically everything these days), only one in four of these long-legged lovelies will find a mate her own size, while only two in four will back a husband of any size. Which, by our arithmetic, leaves upwards of 1,500,000 unwed, unweidable and unless Amazons wandering around as of this moment—a statistic which, one would think, should appeal to any well-blooded male with a good head, and an eye, for figures.

Yet far from bringing out the best—which as far as most girls are concerned, is the best—in the present-day male, the over-sized beauty has fewer passes made at her than her petite rival.

Why? What's wrong with Amazons? Why the discriminatory attitude on the part of the modern male towards the Tall Girl, of whom there are more and more coming on the scene every year?

Inspired by this puzzling question, we informally interviewed thirty-eight men of varying ages, sizes and shapes, and came up with the following opinions on Amazons:



First, it appears, that all men enjoy looking at the Tall Girl—provided, of course that she's not a female flapper or a stretched-out stringbean. We mean the Tall Girl who's naturally proportioned (and in some cases, over-proportioned) for her height. Men are by nature gullible, and it follows that the more girl there is to watch, the more fun it becomes. And Tall Girls simply have more to offer in the way of visual delights than the average-sized female—a nice, perhaps, of more pithbread per pound, more wench to the neck and more bounce to the curve.

In addition, there seems to be something fascinating and compelling to all of us about the huge, the super-sized, the overgrown, whether in the form of a mammoth skyscraper, a giant redwood tree or a human being of incredible dimensions. Women exhibit the same kind of awe and reverence for the out-sized athlete that men display when confronted by the female colossus.

But while looking is one thing, action is another.

One reason why men like ogling large anatomy road lovelies but won't ask them out is the waddy-president male view that a man should be taller, preferably by several inches, than the date or mate he chooses—plus the fact that he is embarrassed at the thought of the bedding he'll get from his buckles if he squares a dame around who has to bend down to kiss him good-night.

In one instance, a fellow who'd dated a damsel both taller and heavier than he during his high school years admitted he'd deliberately ap-

ned on the sunning after dark, behind closed doors and down lower-level lanes far removed from the normal pathos of his set. "Why, if they'd ever found out I was going with Vera the Female Shakespeare," he said, "I'd have been a laughing-stock."

Another reason given for side-stepping the Tall Girl is that she looks aloof, haughty, unapproachable and has an air of impossible superiority. She gives the impression that she is looking down her nose at the male sex, and if approached for a date, would dismiss the applicant with an arrogant "Forget it, Charlie—why don't you pick on a girl your own size?"

Yet another reason advanced by many men was the widely-held male doctrine that the female should be docile, yielding and amenable to male demands—a concept that doesn't fit too well with the physical presence of a 6' 140-pound broad who looks

like she could war the L.A. telephone directory apart with her front teeth. Projecting this concept into terms of a broadest love-match often seems to produce matched feelings of aversation and belittlement, or as one man put it "Why, if things really got that wild, she could crush me!"

Other males of a thirty turn of mind agree that the Tall Girl is more costly to maintain, whether as wife or playmate. She might work like a horse, but she eats like one, too. All her clothes cost more, she sleeps in a king-sized bed, and she won't fit comfortably inside a small sports car.

Finally, due to the adman and other manipulators of our thought-processes, many of us men have come to regard the half-naked, demonstrative female whom we can bea-ting off the floor, a la TV's "Hi Honey, I'm Home" type commercial, as the scene as femininity.

(continued on page 52.)



Sweet Safari Sylph





You probably bought this magazine because it seemed to be just a bit different, just a bit more alive, than the others on that stand with it. But you probably never thought about why it was more interesting. Have you ever stopped to think of how much time and how much sincere effort goes into making and publishing an interesting magazine? All the pictorial layouts should be unique. That's why we often ask the girl's ideas. This one's Yvonne Dixon and a wealth of fun and ideas.



Yvonne suggested we collect a few props and go out to some secluded spot where she could pretend to be on a island. It may seem lame and silly, but it certainly is a way of giving the magazine a vitality and change of pace.



FOR SALE OBJECTIONABLES D'ART

BY BURT FIELDS

Want to buy a genuine antique—something of rare and questionable value? Take a gander at this fantastic list of treasures from all over the world and see how you feel about it then.

Stuffed Elephant Ash Tray (Hannibal 204-303 B.C.)

A conversation piece if there ever was one. Fills up your whole living room. Slightly patched condition including house-broken moths. Huge elephant carried Hannibal and his invading elephant horse troops across the Alps to invade the Romans. Trunk has concealed vicious sweeper to keep ash tray continuously clean. An ornate brass clock (that doesn't work but chimes) is located on side of elephant's body. Will sell or rent to wife's wishing to cure their husbands of the drinking habit.

Nero's Fiddle (64 A.D.)

If you remember your history correctly, Nero's fiddle was broken in a hundred pieces by Cinna, an idle neighbor of Nero who resented Nero's noisy playing.

We have scotch taped the fiddle into full repair and will offer it for auction to the highest bidder or the garbage man (whoever comes first.)

Nero, a reject from Obesity Anonymous, bought this fiddle when he grew bored with the nightly palace organs and roasts. He was looking for a new kick. Everyone started to kick when he played the fiddle but he was the big boss and even the Union couldn't take his card away.

Nero dug the early Hootenanny music and decided to head a Go-Go-Go Amateur show for the benefit of his old cronies. He decided to enter one of his own contents playing his fiddle in competition with a scaplot lady fiddler known for her voluptuous figure.

The lady fiddler came wearing a long red robe that touched the floor. Nero was so busy sawing away at his fiddle that he failed to notice the robe slip completely from her flawless nude body.

When the fiddle contest was over and the judge raised his hand over Nero's head the guests were so busy looking elsewhere they forgot to applaud. When the judge placed his hand above the nude maiden fiddle player, the applause meter exploded.

Nero was so enraged he ordered the beds to be removed from his guests on the spot, a lamp shade to be made of the lady fiddle player's beds. To make his revenge complete Nero set fire to the royal palace and ran out on his apple orchard fiddling while the fire spread to the whole town of Rome.



Bed That Washington Slept In (1776 A.D.)

The bed is from an old flea bag hotel where General Washington was stationed on Christmas Eve in 1776. It was a tough night for Washington. There was no heat in the hotel and the Hessian army was having a noisy bash in Trenton across the river. The mattress was so lumpy with bedbugs they kept picking Washington up and throwing him over the side of the bed. This made the General so restless he decided to get dressed and cross the icy Delaware to party with the Hessian bash. The Hessians were so stoned by then they took the Colonial riding party for someone making a delivery from the liquor shop. They gave up without a struggle.

The bed comes complete with some of the anons of that historical event.

Human Hawk Wings (1900)

It was during the years when the owners of a bicycle repair shop, Orville and Wilbur Wright were experimenting with flying machines in Kittyhawk. The country was filled with inventors trying to get off the ground in crazy lighter than air contraptions. Especially Francis Overhang, a hot chestnut salesman from Philadelphia. His reason for wanting to get overhead was strictly social. The roof of the all-women hotel next to his apartment building would be filled with beautiful shapely women taking afternoon sun baths in the nude. Unfortunately the roof was several stories above his own. His only chance would be to fly up. From then on he devoted his spare time developing an artificial pair of hawk wings that he hoped would lift him into space.

He would stand on the top of his building fanning his man-made hawk wings like mad until someone mistook him for a pigeon and shot him.

The wooden hawk wings are in perfect condition for lending wood. This story is proved to go quickly. We'll pay you to take it away.

Wile E. Coyote (5000 B.C.)

Former owner, Cleopatra. Human car driven. Unholy good as new. Crazy cabin sleeps thirty. Secret nap compartment. Perhaps and boots locker. Great steel pain head line. Good for chimney work-and fun wopage.

Robber's Steel Head Chopper (1586)

Slightly used during the reign of Marie Antoinette. Good for chopping weeds and opening beer cans. Also for close shaves. Throw away those kid-stuff razor blades.



Wooden Horse of Troy (100 B.C.)

A good toy for anyone who happens to be a giant. Taken up a full city block. Accommodates a whole army. Good middle observation post for girl watchers or watching football and basketball games without paying admission.

Napoleon's Lost Glove (1812 A.D.)

A little known fact in history regarding Napoleon's habit of placing his hand inside his uniform jacket. Some historians claim it was due to an itching rib but such was not the case. When Napoleon discovered that Josephine was two-finger him, he started making a little tent of his own with the Royal toilet he met along the path of his military conquests. In his haste to leave a Royal boudoir during the retreat from Moscow he left one of his favorite black leather fur hand gloves. The gloves were a special gift from Josephine and from then on he kept one hand in his pocket to keep his hand warm. They had to put him away on a small island. He went mad trying to remember where he lost his glove.

Tea Bags From Boston Tea Party (1773 A.D.)

We wish to auction off the services (Scullery, maid, cook) of three old bags from Boston who claim their ancestors were in on the bust of an English vessel trying to land tea in Boston. The tea was thrown into Boston Harbor when the three dolls have been swimming most of their lives, passing them the nickname of the three tea bags from Boston.

Paul Revere Signal Lamps (1775)

Good condition. Excellent for warning towns of the sudden return of a husband. Mass good neighbor put lighted lantern in window when needed. One if he is coming by the back door. Two if coming by the front door.



The Glad Hatter

Accept the fact that she is beautiful and charming but never try to understand a girl. And that simple statement may go double in the case of Rose Adams. Rose loves hats, but she can't really explain why. She rarely wears them out of her Hollywood apartment.









Maybe if she lived in San Francisco or New York Rose would wear her hats more often, but being a Los Angeles girl she rarely has a chance. She loves them that



What's Wrong With Amazons?

(continued from page 19)

So much for the more commonly-held opinions about Amazons. Now let's review each of these from an objective standpoint.

(1) The Tall Girl is great to look at.

Well, we're all agreed on that point. The "skyscraper" with a 38-26-38 figure is costly to maintain—every glorious inch of her.

(2) A man should be taller than his woman.

Nowhere. This attitude is the last remnant of the man who's trying desperately to hang on to the abstract and obsolete notion of male "superiority." It isn't even true any more that a man is necessarily born with a larger bone and body structure than a woman. American women are growing bigger and taller every year, and in the sunny climes of the West and South-West, which seem to speed up the growth process, tall, breathtakingly-proportioned females are almost as plentiful as peaches.

In any case, few Tall Girls object to being squared by shorter males. What does a girl care, as long as she's got a M-A-N—her man? It's only rejection by the mass of the male populace that drives Tall Girls to join "Tip Topper" Clubs, where all the members, male and female, must be six feet or over. Even then she finds herself competing for a man with several large-sized girls, since females outnumber males in these clubs.

(3) Tall Girls are aloof.

Purely a defense mechanism. Most Tall Girls started sprouting in the eighth grade, and have had to endure years of being asked how the weather was up there, whether they had any problems with low-flying aircraft, etc., etc.

(4) Amazons aren't docile and yielding.

This is pure poppycock, encouraged by the male whose masculinity depends upon the subservience of his woman. Admittedly, a hefty un-

lucky takes a lot more man-handling when it comes to throwing plates around in the kitchen, but knowledge of a few simple judo holds should suffice to control the situation.

As for becoming entangled in more unrequited combat, it should be remembered that the Amazon, despite her size, is first and foremost a female, and can be just as docile, pliant, jinking and subservient as any dainty-sized doll, if that is what her man wants. Deep in her breast there throbs the natural desire to be conquered like any other girl, it is only her somewhat unswerving proportions that seem to provide a barrier to this end. In fact, they are no barrier at all, but the most delightful thing about her.

(5) Tall Girls cost more to maintain.

True, to a certain extent. But they're worth the extra expense. After all, wouldn't you prefer a Cadillac to a Volkswagen in your garage, to be really honest about it?

(6) It's difficult to pick a six-foot girl up and whirl her around in your arms—unless you're twice the size she is. So don't try. Or let her pick you up, if it works better that way.

What the whole question boils down to is that the majority of modern males are beset by a desire/love syndrome regarding the Tall Girl. They desire her on sight but they are afraid of her.

Men, forget all you ever heard, read or thought about Amazon's! Tall Girls are best! The sweetest fruit grows on the highest branch—as why settle for the smaller and lessy fruit within your reach? Next time you desire a "skyscraper" and your heart aches with longing as your eyes travel down her breath-takingly-proportioned figure, don't just stand there—talk to her, befriend her, ask her for a date. And if you end up marrying her, congratulations—you've got yourself a goddess among women.

Remember, there's an old saying in paganism which thus applies just as well to girl-chasing as it does to the merely art of self-defense: A good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un!

The Tall Girl wants YOU—the question is, are you man enough for her?



"Look, if you won't tell me what these occasional female desires of mine are, how can I possibly help you?"

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Most of us think of fishing as a man's sport, but those who happen to meet Trishia Fuller soon learn that it can also be the hobby of a young lady.

TROUT

FOR A TOMBOY





Torres went on a picnic date about two years ago and her boyfriend suggested that they *ask for their share*. To hear her describe the experience, one would think that it was one of the best moments of her entire life. Certainly, it did affect her enough to make Springfest and buy her own fishing pole and take a few professional lessons in the old and delicate art of fishing. Now, of course, she is a complete devotee and makes it a point to go fishing at least once every two weeks. She will admit that her luck's not the best and that the size of her catches isn't always the biggest, but she still is of the opinion that the greatest sport in the world for pure relaxation and enjoyment is sitting by a mountain creek and fishing.



But when Tomson takes a trip up to the high mountains, she doesn't spend every minute of her time fishing. She usually leaves her apartment Friday night and spends that evening camping out. Naturally, she fishes for her Sunday breakfast and then, often spends the remainder of the time wandering around the creek or mountain and exploring the rugged scenery. If it happens to be a very nice day, she may bask in the sun or hang her towels up to dry. Then, Saturday, late in the afternoon, she usually packs up all her gear and heads back to town refreshed and relaxed. Sunday she spends in cleaning her equipment and straightening her apartment for the week and generally getting in shape for work the following day. Then, during the rest of the week at her job, she spends all the time she can afford in thinking and dreaming about her next week's fishing trip!



An analysis of all those wonderful, and exotic traits that make girls of the world fascinating, delights whether they are in Akron or Zanzibar.

WOMEN of the WORLD

HAWAII

BY THOMAS BOYD



Waikiki is called the Paradise of the Pacific not because of the gently rolling surf, soothing Trade Winds, white sand and incomparable scenery but, let's face it, because the women outnumber the men three to one. There are more sound, firmly packed girls, innocent of garbles, strolling up and down Kalakaua Avenue than the total population of Mount Kisco, N.Y. And in Waikiki, so far as the female-troops are concerned, variety is more than the spice of life—it is the way of life.

It is in this grab-bag of blood lines that the secret of the charm of Hawaiian women lies. It makes it impossible to talk of them as a single entity as you would the women of, say, England, Sweden, Mexico or Arabia. So in this examination of the girls of Hawaii, we're going to use the classifications used by the Hawaiians themselves.

HAWAIIAN . . . As you might suspect, this refers to women of Polynesian extraction whose ancestors were the original inhabitants of the Islands. They are a rarity today, about 5,000 out of the 350,000 women in Hawaii, and it is not unusual for a person to spend a month on the islands and not encounter a true Hawaiian lass, whose pride in

her pure blood line makes her stay away from the inside and bustle of Waikiki beach.

These remaining 5000 pure Hawaiian women, if you are lucky enough to meet one, have inherited the over-arching faces, love of ceremony and natural dignity of their ancestors, but—and the truth must out—they are far from the most attractive in appearance. To be brutally frank, one usually boasts a very plain, unspectacular face, toppling a chunky, over-upholstered figure. But they live in memory of a glorious past.

. . . A past that saw three months of each year set aside for nothing but laughter, love and merriment. This annual celebration was known as the Makahiki (which is translated as Harvest Festival). It began on the first of November and lasted until the end of January. During this period, war was taboo, most religious restrictions were lifted and only a minimum amount of work was done.

Basically, the Hawaiians had accepted the principle that sex to man is more than just an isolated act necessary for procreation. They understood that it was also an inextinguishable part of the psychological well-being of man. As a result, when visiting Europeans appeared on the



horses, the girls in Hawaii didn't wait for the ships to dock, but slipped their skirts on the beach, swam out and climbed aboard the delighted white men's ships.

The daughters of these flamboyant grocers today, clad in missionary-introduced mau-mau, make flower leis at the International Airport and after draping same around the neck of a connoisseur from Porto give him a peck on the cheek and an "Aloha." It's quite a come-down for a proud race.

A LOCAL.—Is any woman, other than a Polynesian Hawaiian, who was born and raised in Hawaii, including those of Japanese, Filipino, Chinese and Korean ancestry but usually excluding Caucasians. It is from this group that the world has learned its ideas of the women of Hawaii. These are the girls whose faces and figures adorn the travel folders and magazines ads that lure over a half a million tourists to the islands each year.

Anyone who spends most of his time on the beach of Waikiki is apt to get the impression that there are not many eligible local girls in Hawaii. Of course, viewing the islands only from the vantage point of Waikiki often presents a distorted picture,

this one at least appears to be fairly accurate. There are a number of reasons for this. First, girls born and raised on the islands have their own circle of friends and seldom if ever venture out into the free-for-all world of Waikiki beach. Second, a big percentage of local girls are married to local boys, by the time they are twenty. Third, a significant number of high school and college-age girls leave Hawaii for school on the Mainland each year.

While often hard to meet, if you can establish a friendly relationship with girls who were born and raised in Hawaii, regardless of the racial extraction, you find them very different from the Mainlanders. They are much more mature and stable, and are better prepared to establish a healthy relationship with a man. As one traveling bachelor says, "I think that local girls—and I mean those with a little class—are more intelligent than the average Mainland girl."

KAMAHINA AND HADLE.—both words refer to Caucasians living in the islands. Kamahina is a Hawaiian word originally meaning "native born," this term is now also used in the sense of "old-timer" in case of



a Caucasian who was not born in the island but has lived there several years. Before the arrival of the first Caucasians in Hawaii the word *hadle* was used to mean "strange and white" in reference to albinos or white pigs. After the appearance of Europeans

the word soon came to mean "white man" as well as foreigner. When other ethnic groups arrived in the islands, they also adopted the word when referring to Caucasians. The term may be neutral or insulting, depending on the manner of the speaker and the context of its usage. When non-Caucasians use it, which they do constantly, it is often derogatory.

The *hadle* (pronounced, how-lay) can be divided into the girls who come to stay and the ones who come to play or study. But no matter why



they have landed on these shores, they quickly become misandrs, he removed from the inhibited masses of Iowa, Oregon or where-ever. Even the co-eds who come for the summer session at the University of Hawaii act as if there is going to be no tomorrow. And one of the greatest truths you can give a newly situated *hadle* is to call her a tourist. She wants to be known as a *hawaii* from the day she steps off the ship.

The most beautiful women in Hawaii appear to be those combining four to six blood-lines, one of which is straight Caucasian, one Polynesian and one Oriental. Women with these antecedents are aptly described by Don Blasing in his book *Rule Moore* as combining the mystery of the tropics and the sophistication of the West. The short-term visitor in Hawaii may not have many opportunities to meet women with these qualities, but he can see younger, 10 and 14-year old versions of them on the beach at Waikiki every day during school vacations.

A black and white photograph of a woman with dark hair and bangs, wearing a light-colored, low-cut, one-piece swimsuit. She is sitting on a large, patterned cushion on the floor, leaning back on her right hand. She is holding a trumpet in her left hand, which is resting on the cushion. The background is a simple, light-colored wall with some indistinct objects on a shelf. The title 'THE HOURI AND THE HORN' is printed in large, bold, black capital letters on the right side of the image.

THE HOURI AND THE HORN

Muscle has always been important to Debbie Cook in a way that has dominated her life since she was just a tiny lassie. At the ripe young age of four, she asked her father for a birthday horn and has been constantly involved with the trumpet ever since. She's now one of the few female, pro horn players around, but that doesn't change the fact that she has to keep practicing almost every day.







If you ever happen to visit Debbie in her Chicago apartment, chances are that you will see her with the trumpet and also that you will hear her at practice just before you ring the door buzzer. It is no wonder that Debbie's chances of being a top professional are good. After all, she devotes enough time to practicing!





TRIAL OF HONOR

The woman was dead, and Puppy knew he'd never swing for the murder — by CON SELLERS

He felt the yellow paper telegram crinkle inside his suit pocket and didn't want to think about it, so he figured to do some diversion. Turning his head so the prosecutor couldn't see, Puppy Ray Wallace winked at the jury foreman. People in the courtroom saw, and unalarmed.

He looked around at them with his puppy-dog face on, that waggly, friendly look that made folks put his head when he was a little boy, the look that got him called Puppy instead of Patrick. The crowd laughed out loud, and the judge beat on his desk with the wooden hammer.

Of! Had Blossom didn't like it a bit, but Puppy didn't give a damn; Blossom could go back to the state capital to do his lawing; no call for him to come to Anne County anyhow. Folks around here didn't like outsiders butting in.

Hell, it wasn't like he killed somebody who counted for something. She was just one of them upstarts from up the road, one of the trouble-makers down here to tell folks how to do, like people didn't know. More like a bratnik, she'd been, that's what Puppy thought, and that's what his lawyer said.

But she'd been something, that woman. No girl brassabouts was put together the way she was, no Anne County girl walked like she did, hard of uppy and smooth and slidy, all bouncey, and wiggling so it hurt a man's eyes to watch her in those tight little thorns.

Hell, no girl around here would dare put on shorts that skinny. Which ought to show she was different from regular folks, Puppy thought, just like his lawyer said. Puppy was proud to have a smart lawyer like Mister Leibbeter, and all paid up, too. But he didn't really need any kind of lawyer, he wouldn't be convicted.

Hada'n been for all the new "laws," he'd never been tried in the first place but that was all right. Just (Continued on page 66)



He'd have run clear across hell after that woman!





A great many people get frustrated if they are lovers of the country on the one hand yet are compelled to live in a large city in order to make a living. But this frustration has not yet come to pass and pretty Jan Ellis

Nymph from Suburbia

Jan's got the problems of the city beaten and she has done so by the very simple expedient of moving a house in the suburbs. Here she can be close to her job, yet still enjoy a feeling of the country.



When she opens her eyes and steps out to her light, you'll
about the being out in a natural scene where we have
see over her face. She looks like a fair girl and
down to the water where it's cold, she keeps holding her
arms through her things, inside the glass doors. It's
no wonder that she often is there, because they produce







What the girls want to do now is order some trumpets that are specially made to play three or four tunes all by themselves. They will be similar to the talking dolls on the market, but they will allow the child who buys them to sound like a military bugler without his knowing a single note of music. Certainly, if this is as good an idea as some of the rest of them that the girls have had, we'll be seeing their store expand again and again. Which proves beauty can be smart, too.



about everybody knew about Puppy Ray Wallace now.

Eyes half closed, he listened to old Bud Blossom carry on, but he thought about the woman, and kind of wished she hadn't started that screaming. It was pure waste to kill a woman like that, it'd take a spell for a man to use of that high class stuff. She could turn a man every which way but loose, and all the time acting like she hadn't aged him on by wearing them little flirty shorts.

"... loyal wife," the prosecutor was saying, "... woman of principles and dedication."

Took a married woman without a husband to act like that, Puppy thought, took a lot of practice to carry on with a man that way. Never saw a woman with legs so slick and long never got next to a woman so damned high-toned, and she'd been real good.

No need for her to lie, she'd lied it a lot, but his lawyer said don't talk about that, when he came to see Puppy in the jailhouse she hadn't stayed long in the jailhouse, just until some big people came with the big money. Just imagine Puppy Wallace worth fifty thousand dollars.

If it wasn't for the telegram, he wouldn't have a worry in the world. Course, he got lots of telegrams those days, mostly telling what a fine man he was for defending the right way of doing. But the one in his pocket was different, like the other three had been and he couldn't figure them out. Four telegrams, and when you added up, there was just seven words all told, when everybody knew you could use ten words on each and it didn't cost no more.

Some crink, Mister Ledbetter said, some nut that didn't know nothing, but was trying to make Puppy think he hadn't done his bounding duty when he pinned whipped that beatnik woman.

He wasn't to tell nobody about her trying to run. All folks had to know was he caught the upstir woman back naked with Johnny Polson. When they asked him how come he didn't blow blue ball out of Johnny, why, of Johnny was like a jack-in-the-box before Puppy could get off a shot.

Sure the woman come at him with Johnny's push-button knife in her hand, so he partly had to beat her with the barrel of the pistol. Yeah, Mister Prosecutor, he carried that pistol on account of the upstir. Miss had that right, didn't he?

Imagine, people whispered in Arden County—uppity, strutting woman like her, and Johnny Polson Well, she didn't deserve no better, wearing tuxedo shorts and walking like she didn't care who saw what. And naturally, Puppy didn't come in flat out kill her; he was just protecting himself, and Arden County worried about at the same time. Why, once somebody like Johnny got a taste of a different kind of woman, nobody would be safe in their own beds.

Oh! Bud Blossom was hollering and Puppy blinked around, "Stand up," Blossom was yelling, "so everybody can see a man who beat a woman to death."

Puppy ground to his feet and turned around so folks on the benches could get a real good look. They started clapping, and the judge hammered on his desk, and Bud Blossom looked like he was sick.

Before he got down, Puppy bowed to them, and the judge gave up to let them stamp and howl until they can down, and quit on their own. Mister Ledbetter leaned over to whisper don't overdo it, boy, and Puppy whispered back yeah.

Her name had been Francesca Vincenta, nobody around here had a fancy, foreign name. But no get around here shook it so good and hadn't the felt good washed against his chest?

First off, Puppy thought Johnny Polson sent the telegram, maybe from the government jail where he was kept for a material witness. Like anybody would believe what Johnny had to say.

But Johnny hadn't sent the telegram, so Puppy asked Mister Ledbetter what about the woman's husband and his lawyer and never mind, boy, he's away off in Viet Nam.

That first message had been: WIFE, sent from San Francisco and not signed, so her husband couldn't of sent it. Hell, no need to fret over

a man who'd go off and leave a woman like that behind. Probably she'd come down here to find a real man for a change.

Puppy nodded in the chair, and found out Mister Ledbetter was at it now, thanks in his vein, rased back like a traveling preacher.

"Tower of our youth... dedication any upright Arden County man shocking even like that."

Puppy hadn't even known Johnny Polson was in her car, hadn't even has sneak out after he faced her car off the road back by the dry wash. She tried to face up to him and play like she hadn't been giving him the come-on.

Peel off them shorts and lay down, he told her, I wanted long enough. She glanced once at the red bluff, but Puppy could have told her no help was there, only the ruins of the old Baker farm. Then she ran up the road and he had trouble catching her. Work in a garage gave a man strong hands, but it didn't do anything for his head.

But he'd run clear across hell after that woman, so he caught her and flung her into a gully. He tore off the shorts himself, and the top things, too, so she just lay there sweat-dripping and scared and asked just for him.

She was good, but when the old truck started by, she had to spell it by trying to run and tell on him, and that's when he let her.

Now, who'd he thought of Johnny was lying up on the bluff, watching all the time? He'd been too scared to come down, but not too speckled to run off to the state capital and tell the law.

"... our tradition," Mister Ledbetter said, "... way of life... honor..."

A work after government man arrested Puppy, the second telegram came from San Francisco, too, and all it said was STATESIDE. Now that didn't make a lick of sense, any way you looked at it. A nut, his lawyer said, somebody crazy.

"... a devoted woman, dangerous to all we hold dear... everything we have so long cherished..."

Mister Ledbetter was at it hot and heavy, and the man in the piny box

were nodding with him. Puppy damned near laughed out loud, it was so funny.

The third telegram arrived after the jury got picked in fourteen minutes flat, with nobody like Johnny Polson on it, either. The yellow paper said **GUILTY**.

Well, no chance of that, not in Anna County. Even of 'Bad Blossom' could win that now. He sat over there mopping his head and wondering why he got mixed up in this trial, because it sure looked like it would cost him his job, some election time.

Puppy hadn't meant to kill her dead. He'd been thinking of going back for more, but working in a garage gave a man strong hands, and he hit her hard with the shiny barrel of the Smith & Wesson.

... only one possible verdict the world to know ... we in Anna County ... own kind of justice ...

Go ahead on, Mister Ledbetter, Puppy whispered, go ahead on, then stand good for drinks all around, after it was going to be not guilty. Some aptitude was trying to scare him, that's all, and Puppy didn't care worth a damn. That was already passed.

When Mister Ledbetter came back to the table, he'd worked up a good head of steam. He used a pure silk handkerchief to wipe his face, and said, we got it whipped, boy. Nobody believes Johnny Polson nor them government men, either.

Smiling, Puppy kind of stretched himself when his lawyer said no need to leave the room, that the jury wouldn't be gone that long. The last telegram crackled in his pocket and Puppy thought about it. All it had to say was **OSWALD**.

Well, it was so rusty he hadn't even told Mister Ledbetter about it. Once who? He didn't know any G-men. Put all the telegrams together like a code maybe, but they still didn't make sense. Puppy figured he'd forget them, and drank two bottles of cold pop while he waited on the jury. Then he practiced signing his name fancy, like he'd worked it out when folks started asking for his autograph.

The courtroom got real still when the foreman stood up, but it went off like the Fourth of July after he said Not Guilty. They whooped and

hoorayed and tossed Puppy out on their shoulders, and damned if he didn't feel like some big football coach or rock movie star. Everybody hollered Puppy! Puppy! and he was the biggest somebody in the whole damned world.

They put him down on the courthouse steps and patted his back and shook his hand. Pretty soon they wanted him to sign that, sign that, and he got out his pen from his suit pocket. He felt the telegram there.

My WIFE you killed, that first one could have meant, and **STATE-SIDE**, well—on television that's how soldiers and Marines talked when they meant home. **GUILTY?** Like you're guilty as hell, Puppy, and there's a penalty waiting, no matter what your twelve friends said.

Not **OSWALD** now—that was purely a sticker. What did Oswald have to do—Puppy signed papers and smiled for the TV cameras, and looked past them, across fifty yards of courthouse lawn and over the

bar-broking street. He looked away up the side of the Anna Hotel.

Soldiers and Marines came home from Viet Nam all the time, he thought, it wouldn't be too hard to have some of them send one-word telegrams when they landed in San Francisco, French of a man might do that. And the man himself might be waiting somewhere all the time.

Puppy stared hard at a window on the fifth floor of the Anna Hotel, where something winked back at the sun, winked quick and bright, and all of a sudden Puppy knew about Oswald.

He should! said **RUBY**, he thought and threw up his hands to hide behind them. He should! said **RUBY**, and I would! known all the time. It's not fair, he thought; it wasn't fair at all.

He got turned around and was trying to run back in the courthouse when they hit him—one bullet in the back, the second behind his head. He lay there on the steps for a long time, and there was nobody around to pick up Puppy Ray Wallace, because they'd all run off somewhere.



"Bummer! You forgot our anniversary again!"

When it comes to trends and fads, about the hippest chick around is Betty Shaw. She was far surfing when it was hardly recognized and she was one of the first people to go out and buy a Beatles' record. She's the doll of her local go-go set and freely admits that she likes to keep informed on all the new things that are happening in the world. She's really with it!



BETTY AND





THE GO-GO SET

.....





Naturally, Betty's not the richest girl in the world, but still, she likes to have the newest clothing and furniture that she can afford to buy.





When these pictures were taken, the big thing with Betty was stuffed animals—particularly snakes, but it's a sure bet that she has a new fad by now. And, who knows what she'll be interested in next month? She's not merely a girl of her time, she's a girl way ahead of her times.





PEEK-A-BOO

The picture of Vicki Douglas in the last issue of CLOUD 9 (Vol. 2 No. 4) should have been given more emphasis. This backless dress is the most fascinating thing since topless restaurants. All we need now is a bottomless, explicit, backless fashion, and we've got it made. But, being women, they'll find something to hide.

E N /Philadelphia, Pa

SUPERB

The best pictorial in the last issue of CLOUD 9, was "Dare With A Bachelorette." Alice Gilbert was superb and got my vote as the best in the book. Thanks.

S M /Tampa, Fla

WOMEN

The article "Women of the World," is great. It's a subject all men would be greatly interested in reading and learning more about.

B T /New York, N.Y

CHEERS

Hip-hip hooray for the article on hips in the last issue of CLOUD 9. I don't say bottoms have had it. They haven't, but it's hip to be happy, and I've been an interested fan for a long time. Marilyn Monroe was admired everyone with her wiggles, so there anyone to take her place? Quite a few stars have the right equipment, but fail to put it in your Pity.

C.L./Phoenix, Arizona

GOOD MODEL

Compliments, Florence Allen did more for those decorative columns than any live interior decorators could do with the room. The pictorial "Fare, Flare and Flo," was unique. The best pose was on the top of page 88. Flo is a natural model, everything seems so easy and relaxed, which is the secret of good modeling. I think there should have been more emphasis on the patterned hose. It's a new fashion and should have been explored a little more.

R A /Kearville, Texas

UNLISTED

The photographs in the pictorial "Dare With a Bachelorette," were good, but had they been a little more sharp, I could have found out Alice Gilbert's phone number. Sharpen up next time, and do as a favor.

P.K./Melrose, Mass



VOLUNTEER

The "Double Doll Profile" was great fun. Helen and Carol looked great playing about with the baseball bat, but tell me, who keeps score, and searches the bushes for lost balls? If they need any other players, I'd be very glad to oblige. I'm crazy about baseball, especially the way they play. WOW! Let's go.

T.R./St. Paul, Minn.

WHY?

The picture on page 27 in the last issue of CLOUD 9 was the best of all, why wasn't it in color in the center of the magazine?

M O /Fresno, California

WOW!

Debbie Cooper, the "Rhythm Gal A Go Go" in your latest issue is my idea of an exotic dancer. She has everything, and then some. What a pity you didn't include the list of nightclubs where she performs. I hope she uses the name Debbie Cooper on the billboards. I'd watch out for her. Thanks for a fantastic pictorial.

H.H./Pittsburg, Penn

*Any way you look
at it it's*

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BOOKWORM WITH A BEAT



In a day when most of us go home and turn on the TV, it's refreshing to meet a girl whose interests are a lot more serious. She's Alice Bowman and, as far as she is concerned, the television can remain off for the rest of her life. Alice loves to read and to practice on her extensive set of drums. She hopes that, one day, she may have the skill to become a top professional drummer and then, when she is not so rushed with practice, she'll have more time to read.





But Alter has other ways to relax besides reading or practicing on her drums. One of them is to strip down when she gets home, dash into a hot jet shower and then lie down for a while to think of and do absolutely nothing. She claims that ten minutes of this revitalizes her for the day!



"And I've heard he has quite a champagne collection. Mind showing it to me?"

"It's just a dump, rusty old cellar," she said. "But, if you really want to see it . . ."

She tied a silk scarf over her head and led him down some stone steps in the kitchen to a subterranean chamber filled with racks of dust-covered bottles. He peered around slowly in the dim glow of a single electric bulb.

"No secret champagne or instant charmers left over from the Middle Ages?" he asked jokingly.

Janette laughed, but Marc thought he detected a startled flicker in her eyes as she pressed herself against him. "My, you are in a strange mood tonight. But I'm chilly, and it's much nicer up in my room."

Marc agreed with her, but as they turned, her elbow knocked over a bottle of Burgundy on a shelf. The bottle broke, spilling wine on her dress. He gave her his handkerchief and she dabbed at the stain.

"Now I'll have to go and take this dress off," she complained.

"No, that's my job," Marc said, hurrying her upstairs.

In the sweet excitement of her surrender he managed to forget duty for a little while. But when he left her sleeping contentedly an hour later he couldn't resist having another look at the cellar. Behind an empty wine rack, he did find a large room. But there was nothing in it and it looked as though it hadn't been used for a long time. Angry with himself for doubting Pierre Laval's honesty, he left the house and drove back to town.

The telephone was ringing when he entered his apartment.

"Thank God I've finally reached you!" Soo-Len's voice exclaimed from the receiver. "I just heard from Felix. He is arriving at midnight, in the cabaret called La Boule. If you hurry, you should be able to catch him."

"All right, but if you're giving me false information, you'll be sorry," Marc said grimly. "Wait in your

apartment until you hear from me again."

He made a quick call to headquarters, checked his gun, and hurried back out to his car.

By working fast, Marc got his men concealed behind sand dunes along the beach just before the yacht came cranking slowly down the calanque. With no lights showing, the vessel coasted to a halt and a launch was lowered. Marc watched intently as the smaller craft moved shoreward with a muffled motor. When it beached three men jumped out and started unloading cases. Marc was positive he recognized one of them as Felix.

The launch made three trips. Marc was preparing to spring the trap when one of his men—a youngster named Lacey—leaped up suddenly and ran toward the launch before it had beached, shouting at the men to surrender. Their answer was a burst of submachine gun fire and Lacey went down groaning.

Marc and the other Customs men opened fire as the launch came sharply about. One of the smugglers tossed something toward the coast—something that made a bright flury arc in the darkness. Marc sprang forward in a low crouch, reaching the three stacks of TNT just in time to tear out the splintering fuse. The yacht was speeding toward the open sea and the launch followed in its wake, but at least he had saved the evidence.

For the next hour, Marc was kept busy inspecting the contraband and transporting it to Customs headquarters. As Soo-Len had said, it contained a very rich haul of opium and heroin. A call came in from the Coast Guard, saying that they picked up the yacht, but there was no sign of Felix and the launch. Suddenly Marc remembered Soo-Len said telephoned her apartment. There was no answer.

Speeding across rows, he blamed himself for neglecting to provide for her safety. When he reached the building where she lived, he sprang up the stairs and found the door of her apartment broken in. Pardonnet had been knocked over as though in a struggle and in the middle of the room he saw a familiar object—his



"Have another argument with the little woman, Johnson?"

handkerchief with the pink Starpandy stars.

The Laval Chaise was brightly lighted when Marc parked in the drive and walked cautiously to the front door, gun in hand. Just as he entered the house, a shot rang out! He hurried to the dining room, then stopped short. Old Pierre sat at the head of the table, slumped forward. An old Army revolver was gripped in his hand and the right side of his face was blown off.

"So you finally remembered your family honor after all," Marc said coldly, going on to the kitchen.

A strong alcoholic odor greeted him at the cellar door. He crept forward and peered down the stairs, blinking in amazement at what he saw.

See-Len, gagged and bound to an overturned wine rack, lay helpless between Felix and Jeanette. Felix had stripped the dancer and was pouring brandy over her nude writhing body. A gun in his free hand kept the terrified Jeanette from interfering.

"How do you like your hair, my devoted little inferno?" Felix sneered. "Now for the catch and—poof! We make flaming crepes another out of you. A fitting dish for Jeanette's first lover when he rushes in to the rescue."

"Please, Felix, can't we just make a run for it?" Jeanette begged tearfully. "With all that money in the Swiss banks—"

"We haven't got a chance of reaching the border," Felix broke in. "No, I know I'm finished, but at least I can have the satisfaction of taking this double-crossing slut and Marc D'Armand with me to hell!"

Marc carefully leveled his gun at Felix. "Give up, Felix, you haven't got a chance!"

Felix looked up quickly and pressed the muzzle of his automatic against See-Len's temple. "Go ahead and shoot! But I'll get her before I die."

"Oh, Marc, do something!" Jeanette cried. "He's gone mad!"

"Look, I'll make a deal with you," Marc said, thinking fast. "I'm here alone, and with my contacts in Christown, I can help you get out of the country. Release the girl and I'll do anything you say. I don't want to see Jeanette go to prison if I can help it."

Felix considered the proposition and grudgingly gave in. "All right. Drop your gun and come down here where I can see you."

Marc obeyed. "Now unite See-Len," he said, as Jeanette rushed into his arms sobbing hysterically. When the trembling husband had gotten wearily to her feet, Marc told Jeanette to take her upstairs and find her some clothes.

"All right, let's get going," Felix muttered as the two women left the cellar.

Marc nodded. "Mind if I light a cigarette first? I'm still pretty shaky."

Felix granted his permission, and Marc thrust his pipe into his pocket—and peered out the three stacks of explosives that Felix had left on the bench, ignoring the fresh trace he had attached to them.

"We always return personal property, even to smugglers," Marc smiled, walking toward Felix with the explosives extended at arm's length.

"Are you crazy? Put that out!" Felix screamed, backing away.

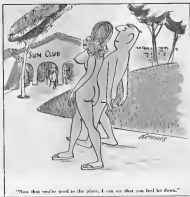
"You said you didn't mind dying if you could take me with you," Marc said, still advancing. "Now you can do just that, if you have enough guts." He backed the frightened smuggler against the wall and carefully tossed the TNT from one hand to the other. "Or you can give me your gun and I'll pull out the fuse. But you'd better make up your mind within the next five seconds."

Felix licked his dry lips and hesitated just a moment longer, then thrust his gun into Marc's hand and whisperingly covered his face with his hands.

Marc watched the fuse sputter out hurriedly against the explosion, then tossed them aside.

"I took the detonator cap out before setting the new fuse," Marc explained to his astonished prisoner. "Like you, it was just an empty threat. You should have known I wouldn't risk destroying all this good work. It will be part of Jeanette's dowry, after the courts have taught her how to behave herself and be a good wife."

9



***SALLY
IN A
SNUGGLE
MOOD***



She's Sally Davis and her big ambition in life is to be a top magazine model.



Already Sally has had a few modeling jobs and expects to get many more of them.



Sally thinks that she will be a top model within another year because she believes that she has a unique touch of personality to offer the camera. She calls it her "snuggle" quality.





*We can't deny that she's got a point there.
Sally's certainly a top model in our book!*





A woman with dark hair, seen from the side, is holding a large, rectangular fabric panel that she has just unfolded. She is wearing a sleeveless, knee-length dress with a yellow background and a pattern of large, dark red and brown flowers. The fabric panel she is holding is also yellow with a similar floral pattern. On the panel, there is a large, bold, black letter 'A' at the top left, followed by a paragraph of text in a serif font. The background is a soft, light blue sky with a hint of a red curtain on the left side. The entire scene is framed by a black border with four blue circular markers at the corners.

At last! here it is,
the magazine you have been
waiting for! It's **CLOUD 9**,
a publication full to the
brim with exotic dolls, top
factors and style articles
all designed and selected
especially for the modern
man who knows what he is
looking for and is tired
of substitutes. So fly on
CLOUD 9 and enjoy the best!



Just when it all of us who may not know all the details of the city is "This is the middle" for it is known that all the best of things coming and this city can be considered in a perfect form. Certainly, the greatest thing is the little house and yard for an apartment or rather like a village.





The great Leonardo da Vinci had not only an artistic, but a very wild life.

Mention the word "genius" to most of us, and the image immediately conjured up is of a gauntish, physically twisted man given to violent rages and utterly inaccessible to the so-called norms of humanity. In general, something close to what the cripple whose supernatural mental powers are huddled in their very closeness to insanity, whose aerial powers, if any, are hopelessly restrained—unhopefully at the body and brain that direct them.

BRAINS

Such is the image of genius most of us have accepted for, let, there but two thousand years or so.

According to those who make study of such things their business, this traditional vision of genius comes as close to truth as the equally heavy notion that lobes are brought by the storm or that a box of maledonous amorphids, hung around the neck, will ward off plague.

The chief trouble with it is that it just isn't so.

With some notable exceptions, the men whose mental endowments are sufficiently above those of other men to enable him to score major breakthroughs in science, philosophy, the arts or war, is possessed of above-average physique, equable temperament and mental powers above the average. From Plato to Winston Churchill and Bernard Russell this is the case.

So whence does the warped image of the warped genius derive?

In basic ones would seem to be lodged in the fertile soil of human envy. Just as the great majority of men, when confronted by a physical giant, instinctively seek to cut him down to size by decrying his mental powers, so, when faced with the achievements of an above-average intellect or creativity, men seek compensation by decrying the genius' physique or temperament.

This leveling instinct runs very deep indeed. People are uncomfortable and resentful in the presence of genius. For example, while Charley Chaplin may not be a man of great genius in the opinion of some, he is certainly the major comic creator of this century so far—at an age equipped with the mechanical means



Winston Churchill was one of few prominent men who engendered no scandal.

IN THE HAY

IS IT TRUE THAT OUR MENTAL GIANTS ARE HEROS, OR WICE WHILE IN THE BEDROOM? / ARTICLE BY STEVE MAULITT



Frank Lloyd Wright was not only gay at an building, but with women as well.

Lord Bertrand Russell is best known for his extremely outspoken opinions



to make his gifts of world importance.

Result — for forty-odd years, Chaplin has been hounded in the newspapers and in person by packs of lesser beings, like packs of sparrows, seeking to bring him down to their level or lower.

He has been derided as a sentimental (and what's wrong with that, Charley?), vilified as a lecher, ridiculed and persecuted as a tax-evader and a Communist.

Recent evidence, unswayed by emotional bias, suggests that his tax disagreements have been nothing unusual for a man so wealthy and so involved in speculation and other entanglements of the times — furthermore, they have been paid. And as to his personal politics, surely they may his business and his show. It should be noted that he has refused to permit the release of his pictures in Russia until the Soviets agree to pay him royalties — something they have thus far refused to do.

As to his sex-life — surely, that should be his own business, too. Certainly, he has paid enough, from Lita Grey Chaplin to the unfortunate Joan Barry, for the mistakes he has made. And how many of his detractors have proved capable of fathering a brood of race children, like Chaplin, beginning past the age of sixty?

Few of them have been able even to live as long as Charley has.

Lord Russell, now in his nineties, remains a live, independent, vital figure, a man who has had the nerve to remain in recent years after a sex-life as romantic and wild as that of another just-dead genius-architect Frank Lloyd Wright, whose sex-life made Sunday supplement headlines for fifty years.

With men like these, men of authentic genius, before us as living examples, how can the warped image remain? But still it does linger, perhaps will as long as lesser men exist.

It is seldom difficult for those who seek perfection for a predetermined image to find evidence to support it. And there are a couple of dances around — though they would seem to be exceptions.

The twisted figure of Socrates, immortalized in sculpture, is one who offers fine fodder for the writers. Here, they point out, was a physically half-deformed man who was miserably bespeckled in marriage and whose ideas were so radical that even the enlightened citi-

zens of Athens were unable to endure them and who was therefore forced to take the backdoor.

Actually, while far from attractive in face and body, Socrates seems to have been healthy enough. Had he been sick, it is probable his detractors would have left him alone. As for his being bespeckled, from what has come down to us, only a stain of enormous tolerance and good nature could have long endured life with a shrew like Xantippe. As for his ideas, he seldom voiced any. His trick was merely to ask questions, to force his listeners to seek and find their own answers, answers that had a way of causing self-doubt of age, something mediocre men, especially in high places, never could endure.

The other prime example for the white-flowers is Ludwig von Beethoven, perhaps the greatest composer of all time in the realm of symphonic music.

Beethoven was potentially an oddball beyond question. He was terrible, all right — and grew more so with advancing years, especially in deafness, a nightmare for a musician, overlooked long in later years. According to a recent study, this deafness may have been psychosomatic in origin, a self-inflicted punishment for an attachment to one of his nephews.

All right, so either way it leaves him outside the pale of normality. But perhaps he could not have channeled his genius into its gigantic productivity had he not been so afflicted.

If both Michelangelo Buonarroti and Leonardo da Vinci, those twin giants of the Renaissance, had a fondness for young boys, this was hardly even an eccentricity in an age that sought to emulate the bisexual Ancient Greeks. Certainly, between them, these great geniuses spanned just about every field open to human talent, save music (which was not yet sufficiently developed to offer them a challenge). Their activities, all of them marvellous, included painting, sculpture, poetry, architecture, engineering, creative invention, diplomacy and the teaching of numerous pupils and protégés to carry on at least facets of their great work.

What else could a couple of Italian boys of humble birth be expected to do?

Tipari, another authentic genius of the same era, lived to be a ripe and vigorous ninety-nine years, and was still giving the two-legged beau-

ties of Venice with an insidious eye when he had the misfortune to succumb to a plague epidemic in his 100th year. Had anti-biotics existed in the sixteenth century, he might be going strong yet for all any of us know.

Rach had lived into his eighties and used a prodigious brain while composing his incredible output of secular and religious music and performing on the pipe-organ perhaps better than any man before or since. More largely, Franz Liszt not only spent most of the nineteenth century but collected phenomenal musicians as readily as lesser men collect stamps or coins.

Our own Ben Franklin, while perhaps not an authentic genius in any one field, was certainly a master of many in the sciences and social arts. He lived well into his eighties and sired whole prides and reges of illegitimate children, most of whom he managed to take care of. One of them, a son, became Sir William Franklin in charge of the interests in Britain of Americans exiled to him.

A more authentic if less long American genius of the same period, Benjamin Thompson of Woburn, Mass., who became Count Rumford of Bavaria, founder of one of the important and still-surviving British scientific societies, creator of the first bag-city public park (in Munich) and pioneer in the laws of thermodynamics, took women right and left as the fancy pleased him. Had he not turned Tory at the start of our Revolution, he would be far more celebrated today.

No, the genius tends to be not only as unmoderate in his sex life as in his creative ideas, but to have the stamina with which to endure during a long lifetime excurses that would annihilate a lesser man before he was fifty.

Perhaps this is why so many of our able men continue to do well short of their life-expectancy. They are trying to do the work of giants — and lack the strength. For genius, health and sex almost invariably walk close together. Neither can in a rule survive without the other two.

The twisted image of Socrates, the tortured Beethoven may remain as the images of genius in the public mind. But it's a good thing for all of us the image is generally false. Without genius humanity would still be poking the open fire in front of its cave door.

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JEST-O-RAMA



SOUND EFFECTS

When a woman lowers her voice it's a sign she wants something, when she raises it, it's a sign she didn't get it.

OPINION

Two chosen girls were discussing their boyfriends:

"I think that Mike is just a pain in the neck," said Flo.

"I agree," replied Sandy, "but I have a much lower opinion of him."

WARNING SYSTEM

The sound of the first truck waited past the bar.

"There goes the first truck, and this is where I leave you gentlemen," announced Sam, drinking up his bar.

"Before when you were a fireman, Sam?" asked the bartender.

"Never have been, or never is used to be, but my girl-friend's husband is."

CLOSED SHOP

Nobody gave the bride away, but a few young men at the wedding were jumped on.

HEN CHECKED

The little man worked up enough courage to go to his boss and ask for a raise.

"A raise," screamed the boss, "I gave you a raise two weeks ago."

"Damn it," exclaimed the little man, "why doesn't my wife tell me these things?"

TOO TIRED

The psychiatrist welcomed the girl into his office and gestured towards the couch.

"I hope you don't mind, but I prefer to stand," she said, "I've just returned from my honeymoon."

TERSE VERSE

A well look parked
And truly chagger
When he mess up with
A cooperative zipper!

MOVE TO THE REAR

The little old lady continuously reminded the bus driver that she wanted to get off at Fifth Avenue. Finally she got so frustrated she poked the driver with her umbrella.

"Is this Fifth Avenue?" she asked.
"No lady, it isn't," answered the driver, "it's my behind."

GO AHEAD

People who live in glass houses might just as well. Everybody knows they do it.

GOOD ADVICE

"Who has the most money to spend?" asked the temperance lecturer. "Who drives the biggest car? The saloon keeper. Who goes on vacation to Bermuda every year? The saloon keeper. And who pays for all this? ... You do, my friends."

A month later the lecturer met a man and his wife who had attended the lecture.

"Thank you for the good advice," said the man. "We profited greatly."

"I'm so glad that you've given up the drink," said the lecturer.

"Well, not quite," replied the man. "We bought a suitcase."

GOOD IDEA

The little old lady donated a pair of pajamas to the Salvation Army.

"I made them myself," she said. They were very nicely sewn and conservative in color, but there was no opening in the front. When this was explained to the old lady she thought for a few minutes and said,

"Couldn't you give them to a bachelor?"

CHOP

Our friend the bearded folkie told us that the best way to cut off a cat's tail is to reposition his Jaguar.

CLIPDIP will pay contributors the dollar for each joke used on these pages. Names can be forwarded and the editor chooses a final address. Write to the Editor, *CLIPDIP*, 7411 Fulton Ave., North Hollywood, California 91605.

THE DOUBLES

JOUST



This pictorial could very easily have been titled, "The Battle of The Buddies" considering the fact that the models, Fran Gibson and Norma Tucker are just about the best of friends. Not only are they friendly, but they are business partners who run a toy store together. Incidentally, that toy store was instrumental in giving us the theme for this pictorial spread. All that "armor" the girls are wearing is really plastic. It's part of knights' outfits that they have been successful in selling to their customers. Because it was "kooky", we decided to have the girls do "armor" and "joust."





Even though the whole thing was off in fun, we can't say that it was completely bloodless. Fran dipped during the "duel" and scratched her knee, but other than that the whole photo session was remarkably successful. Come to think of it, Norma got so caught up in the whole idea that she got her trumpet and started to blow military tunes. And—if the idea for the photographs came from the toy store, at least the girls were paid back, for, from this modeling job, they got another idea for the store. Fran's going to order some special horns.

